

The Sun of Sam

The psychopath who signed himself 'Son of Sam' presided over a reign of terror in New York between the summers of 1976 and 1977. Even Mafia boss Carmine Galente was moved to order his 5,000 'soldiers' to 'get Sam'. By the time he was arrested - ironically by officers investigating a parking offence by David Berkowitz - he had killed six young people and wounded others. Mysteriographer, Michael Hoffman (author of *Masonic Assassination* - see our Booklet Reviews), speculate on the occult aspects of the case.

David Berkowitz was not the Son of Sam. He was a scapegoat-loser jammed full of Central Intelligence Agency LSD in Korea where he served as a son of Uncle Sam and listened between the lines to *Purple Haze* by Jimi Hendrix.

At King's County Hospital he told psychiatrists he was part of a 'network' of zombies ruled by spirits who could have 'sex with the dead' and by monsters 'too real to be called delusions'. At Marcy Psychiatric Center he told Maury Terry, a reporter for the Gannett-Westchester newspapers, that others would go to jail if he revealed all he knew. Two eyewitnesses to separate murders attributed to Berkowitz described the assailant as tall and thin with long straight hair. The accused is of average height, obese and has short, kinky hair.

Berkowitz was supposed to be friendless and yet employees of a dog kennel in the area insist that he looked over German Shepherds, with a companion, two days prior to his arrest. The companion was described as tall and thin with straight long hair.[1]

Official NYC police spokespersons continue to maintain that Berkowitz was a 'lone nut' without ties to any other individuals.

On June 5, 1977, Jimmy Breslin, a columnist for the *NY Daily News*, received an expertly handlettered missive mocking the first victim of the Son of Sam — Donna Lauria — and predicting more killings on the anniversary of her demise (*Sirius Rising*, June 29, 1977). In June the official casualty toll was three women and one man dead and 4 others wounded.

New Yorkers were in a panic. With the publication of the letter which was so brazen in its hostility toward human life and so controlled in its rage, the Dreaming Mind of 9 million people entered a psychological pressure-cooker courtesy of the *Mystere du Zombeisme*.

Handwriting analysts say Berkowitz did not pen it. Others cognizant of his mediocre intellect and limited education believe he could not have composed its hauntingly sinister prose:

Dear Mr. Jimmy Breslin,

Hello from the gutters of NYC which are filled with dog manure, vomit, stale wine and blood. Hello from the sewers of NYC which swallow up these delicacies when they are washed away by the sweeper

trucks. Hello from the cracks in the side walks of NYC and from the ants that dwell in these cracks and feed on the dried blood of the dead that has seeped into these cracks.

J.B., I'm just dropping you a line to let you know that I appreciate your interest in those recent and horrendous .44 killings. I also want to tell you that I read your column daily and I find it quite informative.

Tell me Jim, what will you have for July 29th? You can forget about me if you like because I don't care for publicity. However you must not forget Donna Lauria and you cannot let the people forget her either. She was a very, very sweet girl but Sam's a thirsty lad and he won't let me stop killing until he gets his fill of blood.

On July 13, 1977, at the height of the deathwatch, NYC went totally dark due to a power failure. At zero-day plus 2 (July 31st) on the burned-over dog-daze asphalt, the same .44 handgun trademarked 'Bulldog', which had already claimed 10 victims, blew away Stacy Moscowitz and blinded her friend, Robert Violante.

The fatally prophetic letter had been signed: 'Son of Sam, The Wicked King of Wicker and John Wheaties, Rapist and Suffocator of Young Girls.' On Christmas Eve 1976, Berkowitz admitted shooting a dog named Rocket whose owner resided at 18 Wicker Street. Two days later, some neighbourhood children discovered 3 German Shepherds slain on an aqueduct adjacent to Wicker Street. In May 1977 Berkowitz firebombed the home of Rocket's master (no one was injured). Judy Placido was shot and wounded from canon-like blasts of a Bulldog 44 one borough away from her residence at 2208 Wickham Avenue.

The word 'wicker' has many denotations and connotations one of which is 'to bend' as in the 'bending' of reality. It is also connected to sorcery through its derivative, 'wicca', and to human sacrifice through the ancient British tradition of death by fire in a wicker effigy. In April, 1977 an obscure 1972 Scottish film entitled *The Wicker Man* was 'privately' screened not far from the Son of Sam murder scenes. [2] One of those murders took place at about the same time. A note was left at the crime location. Investigations into the exact



Peter Fonda

date of *The Wicker Man's* exclusive premier and the contents of the murderer's communication are continuing.

The movie is about the ritual murder and depicts the sacrifice of a policeman by fire. It is dedicated to an aristocrat who does not exist and the writer

and director can't recall the author or title of the book upon which it is based. A few weeks after its limited NYC showing, David Berkowitz admits he firebombed Joachim Neto's home at 18 Wicker Street. While Berkowitz was incarcerated 3 more German Shepherds were slain. One had its ear

AGE OF ICE CAME
FORWARD THEN
WAS TO THE
TO HELP
FATHER

BECAUSE CRAIG IS CRAZY
SO MUST THE STREETS
BE FILLED WITH CRAIG CRAVEN

AND HUGE DROPS OF LEAD
POURED DOWN UPON HER HEAD
UNTIL SHE WAS DEAD.
AT YET THE CATS STILL CAME OUT
AND THE SPARROWS STILL
SANG IN THE MORNING.

UPON MY CAPTURE I PROMISE TO
BUY ALL THE GUYS WORKING TO
ON THE CASE A NEW PAIR OF
SHOES IF I CAN GET UP THE
MONEY.

SON OF SAM

HOLDS NOT KNOWING WHAT THE FUTURE
I WILL SEE I SHALL SAY FAREWELL AND
OR SHOULD I SAY YOU WILL SEE
MY MINDWORK AT THE NEXT JOB
REMEMBER MS. LAURIA • THANK YOU.
IN THEIR BLOOD
AND THE GUTTER
SAM'S CREATION • H

mutilated by a precision cut. Two had chains tied around their necks. They were found on the aqueduct near Wicker Street.

Another enigma is the 'John Wheatus' monniker. None of the .44 killer's victims were actually physically raped or strangled.

A neighbour of Berkowitz, Sam Carr, had a son (a son of Sam) who was a son of Uncle Sam as well, at the US Air Force base in Minot, North Dakota. It was there that he died of an 'apparently' self inflicted gunshot wound (through the mouth) six months after the apprehension of his father's neighbour. His name was John Wheat Carr. Several weeks after his demise a new TV program hit the national airwaves. It was called *SAM* about a dog whose name was Sam and who took commands from the police. John Wheat Carr's sister worked for the Yonkers Police Department and had a black dog Berkowitz claimed gave him orders to kill. He said it was Sam. Actually its name was Harvey. There was a stage play and Hollywood film by that name (*Harvey*), about a man who obeyed an invisible rabbit. At one point in our 'story' Berkowitz phoned the Yonkers Police and John Wheat Carr's sister answered.

While *Canis Major* rose to its highest point in the sky David Berkowitz was arrested, according to official reports, because his black and white Ford

'Galaxy' automobile had received a parking violation in the vicinity of the Stacy Moskowitz murder. One of the first statements Berkowitz made repeated his belief that he was a 'dog'.

During his trial he assaulted 5 cops, sending 3 to hospital and skipped into the courtroom packed to the rafters with maimed and disfigured survivors and their families and in American schoolyard sing-song told the mother of Stacy Moskowitz: 'Stacy was a hoo-wer! Stacy was a hoo-wer!' (Stacy was a whore). NY's 'seen everything' press corps described him that day as 'an awesome terror'.

Berkowitz has a steady engagement (315 years) at Attica State Prison where he now denies he ever practiced the Attic Arts. He's studying yoga and astral projection and offers standard psychiatric explanations for his acts. He has condemned his lawyers and court-appointed conservator as 'greedy sensationalists' for their attempts to put together a Son of Sam book deal with McGraw-Hill. A Greenwich village artists commune, the Middle of Silence Gallery, has been designated as 'my voice' by the convicted murderer. This group is attempting to arrange an exorcism and claims to have located a willing Catholic priest. Ex-Jesuit Malachi Martin (*Hostage to the Devil*) attempted the same thing but was foiled by NY Archdiocesan authorities.

I wonder if ritual murders like this one are a kind of inverted greening rite on behalf of a sentience which breathes plutonium and resides at 3 Mile Island? The stale blood and 'spiritual' fecal matter mentioned in the infamous letter remind this writer of a degraded version of the *kalas* present during magical operations. Of course the entire case is littered with the trappings of ceremonial murder. Is this in anyway sponsored by the US gov't? Terry Paterson, an Army buddy of Berkowitz, states that when he said he was the Son of Sam he was trying to say he was the son of Uncle Sam. Are the NYC police sticking to the 'lone nut' notion because their vision is limited, or because their lives will be if they offer contrary conclusions? There does seem to be a pattern of circumstances linking officials to ritual murders in Rochester, NY, the hillsides of LA and the state of Washington as well as Jonestown and John Wayne Gacy. Further research into FOP onomatopoeia [3] and its connection to Scottish Rite bridge symbolism as well as Kenneth Grant's intriguing remarks about Saturnian 'sacred police' in *Cults of the Shadow* are in order.

Meanwhile some researchers believe that David Berkowitz was a hypno-patsy and that the authentic awesome terror, the one who doesn't like publicity and didn't get any, is, as he wrote in his missive to Jimmy Breslin, '...still here. Like a Spirit roaming the night. Thirsty, hungry, seldom stopping to rest...'.

Michael Anthony Hoffman

NOTES

1) [Statement made by employees at the Westchester Animal Shelter, at Mamaroneck, who said Berkowitz's companion resembled one of the earlier sketches issued by the police. He did all the talking while Berkowitz patted dogs. *D.Express* 15 Aug; *D.Telgraph* 16 Aug 1977. Part of the NYPD 300-strong task-force were reassigned to look for this accomplice, but as far as we can tell there were no developments — Ed.]

2) [As I was about to start work on Michael Hoffman's manuscript my eyes fell upon a scrap of paper lying on a desk at the *Dark They Were* bookshop. It was notice of the formation of an appreciation society for *The Wicker Man*, to campaign for the general release of the 102 minute version in place of the grossly mutilated 87 minute version released in the US, by British Lion in 1973. Those interested, contact David J Lally: 75A Richbourne Terrace, London SW8. — Ed]

3) FOP is a 'lost chord' transposition in the esoteric onomatopoeia employed by the western technological imperium whose hierarchy at one time consisted chiefly of masons. It is a sinister perversion of the Tantric concept of *sandhabhasa*.

If language is a kind of music we can state that FOP is intended to be performed in a key other than the one in which it was apparently written.

FOP has at least two meanings in this twilight language. It is the initials of the FRATERNAL ORDER OF POLICE (whose symbol is a pentagram) as well as a variation on the *Lakak Deror Pessah* theme of the 15th and 16th degrees of the Scottish Rite having to do with Bridge symbolism. The usual letters inscribed on the mystery bridge are LOP (for Liberty of Passage) and, infrequently, FOP (for Freedom of Passage). According to Dr. Syntax, the latter has greater currency in the rituals of Palladian masonry and among certain Scottish Rite circles with strong ties to the Ku Klux Klan.

4) [Sources: *NY Daily News* June 1977, 7-9 May 1978; *Cinefantastique* 6:3 (Cr: Rich Crowe); *Yonkers Herald Statesman* 26-28 Feb, 1 March 1979 (Cr: Eric Offerman); *Spotlight* 7 Nov 1977; *Salt Lake Tribune* 18 Aug 1977; *New York Post* 22 Feb 1978 (Cr: Mae Brussell); *Chicago Tribune* 11 April 1978 (Cr: Thoth); James Shelby Downard's notes on onomatopoeia.]

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